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my. Ask no questions and answer none. Permit nobody to see your young mistress. Do you understand?"

"De chile ain't hu't, young marster?" been affected deeply by her father's condition and this shock has upset her. You must know nothing more of it."

Frances sat as he had left her, in the armchair. She offered no resistance when they laid her upon the bed and administered an opiate. The stains of blood were carefully removed from her hands, and her wrapper changed, and Dr. Brodnar prepared to depart, for the day was now breaking. He remembered the pistol, and was searching the floor for it, when the reaction set in and Frances began to cry bitterly. Obeying his silent motion, mammy passed into the dressing-room and he took the girl's hand.

"The whole blame rests upon me." he said, gently. "Keep quiet; I will see you through." And then a cry burst from him: "What a fool! what a fool! And to think that Dick Somers-!" At sound of this name the girl's grief became almost uncontrollable. "He loved me," she said, brokenly.

"And it has cost him his life!" "Loved you! Never! If he had aimed better, I could forgive him." She was

"If he had aimed better!"-then she eat up with almost frantic energy. "Yes. The wound is not fatal. Frances, Frances-back, my child-

"Take me to him-I must, I must go to him-" "You are simply mad!"

"He is my husband-I love him! I love him!"

Brodnar groaned and turned away his head. Suddenly the girl shivered and drew back, her gaze set fearfully on something behind him.

"Close the window," she whispered in a changed voice, "they may return." "Why-what-what do you mean?" He was upon his feet, a strange light in his face.

"It came from that window," she whispered fearfully; "some one fired through the slats."

"God in Heaven!" he cried, "I thank you! Dick! Dick! forgive me!" He plunged out into the gray dawn and left the girl amazed and terrified.

## CHAPTER III.

Richmond at the time these events were occurring was in a tumult of exeltement. The quarrel between the morth and south in congress had long reached the soute stage, and preparations were forming for that bama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. The capital of the confederacy was in the far south, and while no one expected that Richmond was to become the center of political intrigue, it had been easily forethat if war followed she would furnish the battle ground by reason of her geographical position. Few people bestruggle, and these were among the powerful, who gave time and direction to public sentiment.

There was much discussion in state military circles, and a confident prediction that when the crisis came the under the banners of the state's rights party, leaving many vacancies difficult

Upon his couch in the rooms of Richmond's popular physician Richard Somers lay, convalescent. His wound proved easy of management and healed to the floor. In the quick look she rapidly. But in the empty hours given to him for recovery he reviewed his late apparent. A moment later she had experience, and with small comfort for himself. Carried away by sentiment. he had permitted himself to involve seriously a young girl intrusted to his | She did not notice his old-fashioned care. He had acted like a sentimental boy, he told himself, rather than as a man coolly transacting a piece of business to which a friend had commissioned him. Evidently the whole matter hinged upon the succession of property, and he was simply an instrument. But he had suffered himself to be swept along by sentiment, and had declared his love for a girl altogether unknown to him-indeed, enseen. In conclusion, somebody had put a bullet face. through his head, the only mistake being in the matter of aim. He had received no explanation from Brodnar other than that an error had cost him the wound. There was a multitude of apologies, the tenderest of care-and stepping across the threshold. zilence. But one day he arose and dressed himself, and, barring a slight dizziness of head, found the world about as he had left it. And then Brodnar told him of such facts as he himself had knowledge.

"You were shot from a window by some one who saw you strike a match, my dear fellow, and who didn't care whether your eyes were closed or not." he said.

"But who was the assailant-and what was the object?"

"Under the window I found tracks. the track of a woman's number two shoes, clear cut and sufficiently deep to suggest that the wearer was in all probability a settled woman. And yet a heavy woman's foot would not have been so trim. There you have it all." Why should she have been there, and why should she have shot me?"

My dear fellow, ask me who wrote Shakespeare and the letters of Junius. Frankly, I know nothing on earth about this shooting beyond the simple fact. Perhaps the shot was not aimed at you." Somers reflected for a moment. "Possibly you are correct in the sug-

"There has been an accident, mam- these people, are at sea, I have n chance to unravel the mystery. Evidently my best plan is my first plan-to leave at once. Some one lives who saw me in that room. The sooner I go now "No. A friend was. Her mind has othe better for the good of all. Only I would have you tell me again-if I may venture that far-if my young friend is well, and understands that my re-

covery is accomplished." "She is well," said Brodnar, with some constraint, "and understands." "Look here, Francis, the truth is," said Somers, rising, "I am not fond of mystery. I proposed to keep my proise and shall, but, man, I came near being involved in a lifelong affection that night, and I ask you now if I am to leave here with no further information-'

"Yes," said Brodnar, "otherwise you would defeat the object of the whole plan. Nothing could be more unfortunate for the girl than that you should see her again or knowledge of that marriage get abroad."

"So be it," said Somers, sadly. "I keep my promise. To-night we say hands upon her chair-a good-by." Brodnar sat, moodily silent, ly and lifted her head. drumming upon his desk, his eyes upon the floor. Suddenly he stood erect. "Somers, I owe you something, owe

you more than I may ever be able to repay; I shall tell you this much, and let you decide for the woman-" "A telegram, doctor, for Mr. R. Som-

ers-your care." A boy had entered hurriedly and stood waiting. Somers took the message from the doctor's hand, and, the messenger vanishing, he read aloud:

"Report in person immediately to this of-ice. "STANTON, "Secretary of War."

Brodnar looked steadily into the glad, bright face of his friend, who was upon his feet in an instant and full of ex-

"Will you report there?" "Will I? It is the dream of my life, Brodnar!-but-but-you were say-

ing\_"
"Nothing." "I don't understand you, Frank." "No member of the family, Dick, you have entered, ever drew sword against Virginia. You must choose between

the woman and-" message to her for me, my friend; it is raised his arm. the last request, perhaps, I shall ever make to you-"

"Dick-" passes out of her life to serve his coun- welcome to your letter. I know it by try. His duty done, please God, and heart. In it I am called by a vile titanic struggle which was to shake she needs his arm, he will follow her name-and you are told that a bride America for four long years. South to the end of the earth. Say that for and fortune await you are told that a bride Carolina had led off, followed by Alame; and then, farewell."

## CHAPTER IV.

The morning sunstriking through the eastern window of a hotel room shone full upon the face of a woman who lay he said. "Sit down, Louise." She He laughed, evidently relie full upon the face of a woman who lay sleeping there. She was dressed as for waited a moment, and, moving a chair "Why, certainly! Getting into your seen that Virginia, being a slave state, the street, but her hair was loose and would join her southern sisters, and fell about her shoulders in gleaming. golden masses. Even in the trying light upon it her face was beautiful. lieved in a serious conflict to come, but nation of dark shadings rarely found Perfectly oval, it possessed a combithere were some who foretold a bloody in blonde types, and the even brows were as delicate as though penciled by an artist. Upon her cheeks lay long. dark lashes. Sleeping, she seemed scarcely more than a girl in age, the few lines upon her face fading out of prominence; and yet there was a womsouth must recall her sons from the anliness in her trim, settled figure that service of the union, and enlist them told of years not otherwise to be suspected.

The bell of a tower clock near at hand rang out loudly the hour. The sleeper stirred uneasily, opened her eyes, and instantly, as full consciousness returned bounded from the bed gave to her surroundings terror was pulled the bell-cord and was waiting, her watch in hand, by the door. A negro servant knocked and was admitted. and courteous salute.

"Why was I not called for the six o'clock train?" she began in great agitation.

"We call t'ree times, ma'am-t'ree times; an' you say 'all right' ev'y time, ma'am."

"I answered?" "Yes, ma'am. An' we t'ink, ma'am, mebby you done change yo' min'." Something like despair came to her

"The time now?" "Nine o'clock, ma'am. Clock desstruck,

ma'am. Gem'man downstairs sen' dis eyard, ma'am, an' say-" The gentleman in question passed the speaker, "You may go," he said, curtly, and

waited until the old servant had retired and closed the door. Then he turned coolly towards the woman. "And now, madam, what does this

"Raymond!"

"Why have you left London?" The woman did not answer. She had cried the name hysterically and started forward; then, suddenly, drawing her hair from her face, she shrank away from him, her gray eyes distended in terror or the expectation of violence. In the presence of this pantomime, the man's face lost its cynicism and sternness. He was unmistakably astonished. "Well," he said, at length, "what is it?" "You here!" the exclamation was

but a whisper. "I thought-" "Why should I not be here? Didn't you write, requesting me to come? I was not in the city yesterday, nor last night, and have but just received your foolish letter. Are you mad, indeed-that you come to this city-

that you follow me up in public!-Name of Heaven, woman, what is the matter with you?" gestion. But if you, with all the in- "Not in the city last night! Not in formation you have and knowledge of the city! Then-then-" She caught a

chair. "Oh, I am ill-ill!" She seemed about to fall, but her companion made no movement to assist her. "There is ome-mistake!"she whispered. "Some awful-mistake!"

"What are you talking about?" He stood looking curiously upon her. She turned suddenly, ran to him, and, falling upon her knees, clasped her arms about him, giving way at the

same time to a paroxysm of hysteria that swayed them both with its violence. He stooged impatiently, broke her clasp with a violent effort, and half pushed, half lifted her into the chair. Burying her face in her hands, ehe gave way to violent weeping while he stood by.

The man was of medium height and fine figure, his faultless dress and his every motion revealing the fashiona ble world. His face might have been handsome at one time, but something had fled from it, and something had come to it since then. That which had come men usually call the marks of dissipation; that which had fled they had no name for.

He might have been genuinely indignant or playing a part, but he gazed sternly a few moments only upon the agitated woman, his black eyes gleaming wickedly; then, with a sneer and slight gesture of dismissal, turned away. Taking from his pocket a case, he proceeded calmly to select and light a cigarette, and walking unconcernedly to the fireplace, tossed his match into it. Standing with his back towards her, he busied himself with a hunting scene above the mantel. And thus, presently, the woman, ceasing to cry, found him. She clasped her hands upon her chair-arm convulsive-

With a few rapid motions she twisted the fallen hair into position and arose to her feet.

"When you have finished with the picture," she said, "listen to me." Startled, he whirled and faced her. Her figure was now erect and head lifted. The tenderness was gone from her eyes. Wide open, they seemed to cared for. This lily bride awaiting me measure and threaten him. He came slowly forward, the sneer upon his

"You gave me your promise to remain in London until I returned," he said, "and you have broken it."

"And you! you told me that you were here to wind up some estate matters and would return immediately. You had no idea of returning. He took two quick steps forward and hesitated. "It is useless, Raymond, to try to frighten me. You were born a coward-and I was not. Look to yourself!" She drew from her bosom a letter and extended it towards him. "I found this after your departure; "My country? Is that it? How it is from your mother." His assumed would you choose, Frank?" Brodnar indifference vanished. Furious, he was silent, looking away. "Take this snatched the letter from ner and

"Wretch!" "Take care," she said, coldly, slowly withdrawing her hand. "You are deal-"Say to her that Richard Somers ing with a desperate woman. You are came." He was silent. "You do not deny it," she added. With a slight gesture he turned away and seated himself.

a few feet away, seated herself, facing

"We have both made mistakes," he said, coolly, preparing to light an- light up and be sensible. You know other cigarette, "and I am willing to" admit that in all the matters between out right, and, as the stories say, 'we us I have been equally to blame, but," he added between puffs, as he smoked, "you have a full share to settle for yourself. It is, however, too late to discuss the beginning of this association. We must consider its end; for, as you evidently surmised, the time



FURIOUS HE SNATCHED THE LET-TER FROM HER.

to end it has come." She made no reply, but waited for him to continue, her clear gray eyes riveted upon his. "You have not believed me, but it is true, nevertheless, that I am entirely dependent upon my mother. My little property has long since disappeared with yours; she holds the whip hand. Ever since her second marriage she has intended me for a young girl, her stepdaughter, in fact-'

"You have known this all along-?" "Yes; and while the child was growing up she has tolerated this life of mine. Now she proposes to end it. The question is, How may you and I settle it?" "I see!"

"You are practical enough to understand that I am helpless. If I should refuse the old lady, I could not live 24 hours without work; nor could you. If I yield, as I must, you will be provided for—with little—Nanon." The woman gasped and pressed her hand to her throat, but with a desperate effort she controlled herself. "Where is she?"

blue smoke curling up from the eigarette. Shaking off the ashes, he said, at length: "I have her in good hands." Their

He hesitated while he studied the

eyes met. "And you mean for me to understand, I suppose, that you will retain possession of her until I assent to

your plans?" Again he was silent for

"Yes, that is about the way the mat ter stands." There was a long and painful pause, during which the wom an seemed to struggle with some pow erful emotion. She arose and approached him, one hand in the boson of her dress, the other clasped until her nails sank in the flesh.

"You told me that you-to try and get-your mother interested-in her grandchild." Her voice was strained and barely audible.

"Yes," said he, "I think I did tell you that." "Well?"

"I lied! I took her only to control you. My mother has never seen her; and." he continued, slowly, "never will, if I can prevent it." "Inhuman wretch!" The exclama

tion was little more than a gasp. "From your standpoint-yes." "Ah," she whispered, "the infamy! the infamy of it!" She hesitated a

moment, turned, and, gliding to the door with a movement of incredible and I heard your voice and a woman's swiftness, locked it and placed the key in her pocket. "Now," she said. returning towards him, her face transfigured by the intensity of her excitement, "now, Raymond Holbin, what is the settlement you propose?" He retained his position, a half smile upon his face.

"You will have no trouble for the future," he said; "you belong to the tragic stage."

"You trifle sir. The settlement! the settlement!" "I propose to marry my mother's stepdaughter," he said, quietly. "Her father is on his last legs, and he will bequeath to her all of his property upon the condition that she accepts

me as her husband on or before her twenty-first birthday. From this money I propose to provide liberally held a lighted match above his face-" for you and your child, with the understanding that you are to remain abroad. The fact is, I may run over to see you occasionally, Louise-after all, you are the only woman I ever is out of my class entirely-highflown, romantic and inexperienced. Imagine me with such a woman,

He laughed lightly. "Really, if you are in search of revenge for fancied injuries, you will get it when you picture me in my new role."

"And by this marriage," said the woman, standing over him, "you place You intended to desert me. You lied! it beyond your power to marry me, his arms. I got here-how, I do not Where is my child, sir?" The man's as you have promised during all these know-and locked myself in. When years-you abandon your child to a life of wretchedness." Her breath came hard and trembling.

"She need never know-no one need know. And where ignorance is bliss Raymond? Why do you look at me it is folly to be otherwise."

"Let me hear it all," she said; "let me know the alternative. If I go to this mother or to this lily bride, as you call her, and tell her of my child and my wrongs, what then?"

"My mother would have the servants put you out of the house, and my bride would probably have me put out. But it would not avail you anything-nor her. Under the will my mother would still be the heir. The bride would lose her fortune and her the table and gazed helplessly upon bridegroom, and you-would lose your child.

"That is all?" she asked-"there is nothing more?" "Nothing."

Her mood seemed to change. "Will

He laughed, evidently relieved. old habits? Fact is, Louise, that is the only natural thing I have heard from you since I entered. Come, now, what I think of you. All will work

may be happy yet." She lit her cigarette by his, and, leaning against the center table, took one or two whills, letting the smoke escape slowly from between her curving lips.

"There is one fatal defect in your plan," she said, at length. "Yes? What is that?"

"You-do not leave-the mother a chance. You forget that I am a mother as well as a woman." "I do not understand."

"You will, though. Either way, as you put it to me, my child's life is forever blasted; there is the defect." He looked somewhat curiously up in her face. The smoke was now coming from her lips in rapid puffs; she cast aside the eigarette. "I shall not assent." The words were a mere whisper. She continued, with growing emotion: "Raymond, I have been your slave; that is ended now. From this moment, if you live, you shall obey me!" "If I live!"

"If you live! Do you suppose that I am to stand by and see my child's life destroyed by you! I have listened to your excuses; I have temporized, hoping against hope that you would make good your promises; I have accepted your explanation for my child's sake -and to-day I know you have lived a lie through it all; that you had not then, nor ever have had, any intention to make me your wife. The time has come for me to act. Sit here by this table and address a note to the clerk of the hotel directing him to register Raymond Holbin and wife in room 28! Here is pen, ink and paper!"

"Are you insane?" he cried, rising,

angry and amazed. "Yes; totally so! Insane enough to kill you." Then she deliberately leveled a pistol at him. "Sit down and write! leave this room with an acknowledgment from you in the hands of a witness, a wife-or a murderess. I did it once, Raymond; I can do it again. I killed a man for you last night!" As she uttered this confession her face grew pale as death, the pistol was lowered, and she stood shivering in abject terror. "You have not heard of it?" she whispered. "Are not the papers full of it?" Her form, which had been erect, seemed to shrink; she looked over her shoulder towards the door, listening. The man strode forward and wrenched the weapon from her cold hand. Then he forced her into a chair. "Louise! Louise!" he groaned; and then in awe he said: "Insane!" She

made no resistance. A tide of memories had swept over the new issues. "No," she moaned, "not yet. Would to God I were! You do not believe me, Raymond. Listen. I found out where

termined to go in and bring the horrid uncertainty to an end, for you had not answered my letter-you had not

"But you did not go in!" he said, terrified. "Surely, you did not-"

"No. I walked by again and again. went around to the side street and looked into the garden; but I said: 'I will see him first; Raymond cannot mean to be so base!' Still you did not come. Will you believe it, I went back at night, hoping to see you? I could not stay here alone in this room-I slipped out! Two men entered that gate, and one of them I would have sworn was you. I followed and saw them enter the wing room. While I waited there, wondering if you would appear again-it was but a few minutes, I think-one of the men came from the wing-room, passed me, and, going of an old bicycle wheel, two pieces o out, locked the gate. I was a prisoner, for the fence was tall with spikes of feet long, for handles, and two one by iron. Then I went and stood under the two-inch strips for cross pieces, a window, thinking the room was yours, and I might attract your attention; in there-'

"It is a lie-a lie! the room belongs to Frances. I was not in the city." "Frances? Who is Frances? But no

matter, they were there all night; and I, crazed and abandoned, wept and raged outside."

"You are simply daft, Louise; you don't know what you are saying." "They were there, I tell you. Once a match was struck, and I could hear a woman pleading; and-there I was, lying upon the ground, the window just out of my reach. Then I found myself climbing the ivy and clinging to the shutters; and I saw you sitting there, this woman with curly golden hair kneeling in her night dress before you, her hand upon your shoulder, saying good-by to her lover while she "Louise, this is unbearable!" Hol-

bin was beside himself. "I thrust your pistol between the shutters, took aim at you and fired; my aim was true; the man fell forward into the darkness, and I back upon the wet grass. Look! See the stains of the crushed ivy! see the soil upon the gown! see the blistered hands! look at your pistol! The hammer is upon an empty shell! I got up and ran for the gate, but a man was entering and his carriage stood opposite. Crouching in the shrubbery, I saw him come back"-her voice sank you came I thought it was your spirit. What will they do with me? they lock me in gaol? Will they hang me? Why don't you speak to me, that way? Raymond! Raymond!-I did not know what I was doing! I was insane, jealous! I had lost my child-oh, they ought to know that, Raymond, before they judge me too harshly. Raymond, Raymond, answer

me-answer!" He mastered his emotion by a powerful effort. "You have had your revenge!" said, hoarsely, his lips parting in a soundless laugh. "The shot went to the mark!" He sank in his chair by her agitated face, his thoughts else-

"But I do not understand," she said, "My revenge, if you were not the

"Why, it is incredible!" he cried, an-"Give me the key! the key! the key! Quick! the clock is strikin ten-the kev!"

"You will not give me up, Raymond -the mother of your child!-you will not-" "Ah-no, no, Louise. You are safe

while I live. Quick! the key!" She gave it to him, and, passing out, he said, sternly: "Stay here! Don't let your face be seen outside this door. Change your dress, remove every stain upon it, and be ready to leave the city at a moment's notice. Courage! I will save you if I can." As he stepped into the hallway he muttered to himself: "Now for the will! Long live the nightmare! and yet-" He added, pausing in doubt: "Suppose it were true?" He unbreached the pistol. "One cartridge is gone! the muzzle stains my finger! Louise! Louise-" He turned, locked the door and van-

"The woman in 28," he said to the clerk, "has escaped from an asylum. Keep a watch in her hall until I return, and let no one enter."

"We thought so," said the functionary behind the desk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WOMAN'S JOKE.



"The last time I saw him he was going to the dogs." "Too bad! What was he doing?

"Following the hounds."-Chicago Chronicle.

Just Clay. When some one says you are a brick,

You swell your chest and strut away; But you're just like a common brick-

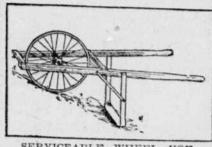
Gone Up Higher. He-Where's the cook this morning? She-She started the fire with kero sene this morning.

"Oh, well, I guess she's gone up to th roof for some air."-Yonkers Statesyou were stopping in the city. I found man. the street and number. I had de-

EXCELLENT GARDEN TOOL

Home-Made Wheel Hoe Preferred by Its Originator to Those Made in the Factories.

A farmer on the Pacific slope send to the Farmers' Tribune a plan for mak ing a wheel hoe that he likes bette than those factory made. "It consists two by two-inch strips of lumber six shown in the accompanying drawing The U-shaped iron is bolted with two inch bolts one-quarter of an inch thick to the handles, and braced with strips o iron 18 inches long, as indicated. This iron was taken from an old buggy tire



SERVICEABLE WHEEL HOE.

and the horizontal portion is sharpened and acts as a hoe. The width between the handles may be varied according to size wanted. I have one made for my own use and another for my boy ten years old, who can do lots of work with this implement and do it as well as a grown person can. When the blade is adjusted to the frame the sharp edge should point slightly downwards; this can be regulated by boring holes for both blade and braces at the proper place on the handles. The cross pieces should be placed as close to the whee as possible; the one in front of the wheel may be eight inches long and the one behind about 14 inches long. This of course, will depend upon the width desired between the handle bars. With the size of the cross pieces as mentioned the distance between the handles where they are gripped would be about twenty inches.

"The blade may be made any size desired. I had three made, one ten inches, one 12 inches and a third 16 inches in width. All three of these were made by a blacksmith and cost me only one dollar for the three. The bicycle wheel I purchased for 25 cents and the lumber may generally be picked up around the place, thus it will be seen that a hoe of this kind can be built at a very low

"The axle on which the wheel runs is simply one-half-inch bolt and may be any length desired. The iron braces used are 16 inches long. When the hois properly sharpened, which may be done by filing, this machine never skips any weeds and is the finest implement I know of for making a good dust mulch and especially commends itself for usin a garden."

MAKING STRAWBERRY BEDS

Hedge-Row System Is Declared to Be the Best by Many Who Have Given It a Trial.

The new strawberry bed may be so managed that it will require the least care and will produce the largest possible amount of fruit. It is a great mistake to allow the vines to occupy most of the ground, as they are allowed to do in too many gardens. Such a bed in the second season becomes a solid mass with the result that the berries are small and hard to pick. The next year every inch of space is covered with plants generally no fruit to speak of is se-

If the hedge-row system is followed, the result will be better, and the bed may be kept for several years without being renewed. That method is to allow the plants to grow six inches apart, and the rest of the ground is kept clean of both plants and weeds. The roots of the plants have an abundance of feeding ground and rather large quantities of plant-food for the making of the berries. The row of strawberries will not then be generally more than one foot across, and the rows should be at least three feet apart, measuring from center to center.-Midland Farmer.

Preparing for the Hotbed. Every farmer should have a hotbed. Start this in the fall by digging a hole three feet deep and six feet square and fill with coarse manure. A frame size of hole 15 inches above the surface on the north side and six inches less on the south should be provided. Fill this hole in the spring with fresh hot horse manure and thoroughly tramp as filled, being careful to keep level. Four inches of surface dirt, consisting of leaf mold or ordimary loam mixed with sand and well rotted fine manue, should be secured in the fall and kept from freezing. Thoroughly wet down the manure before applying the surface dirt .- J. L. Hartwell, in Farmers' Review.

New Remedy for Insects. The fact that the odor of moth balls is extremely repugnant to house insects has suggested to some ingenious mind the use of this remedy against outdoor pests. A New York farmer who was much annoyed by the ravages of striped beetles on cucumbers employed moth balls with such success that his neighbors are imitating him. He placed a clam shell (hollow side up) in the center of the hill, with about five balls in each shell. This might be tried with other injurious insects. BIG MONEY IN ASPARAGUS.

Demand for This Vegetable Is Increasing Steadily and the Market Holds Good.

Most farmers would think \$45 an acre for manure would be an extravagant outlay of money. But down in New Jersey they spend that much for stable manure at \$1.50 a ton, and consider it a good investment. Naturally they do not

of soil. They raise asparagus, and god from \$500 to \$640 per acre returns from

Experiments from four different kind of fertilizer show that stable manure brings the largest returns. The differ eat fortilizers used were as follows: Manure, \$45 per acre; complete fertile izer, \$12.93; complete fertilizer, bent and potash, \$18.29; complete fertilizer bone and potash and nitrate of sode \$21.91

There is a constantly increasing de mand for asparagus, the market holds good, and is likely to for years, yet hundreds of farmers who own good land nead large cities go on year after year raise ing corn, oats and other crops which yield them a bare living. Asparagus M a sure crop, a sure sale and always

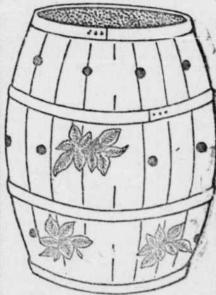
The soil should be plowed in the fall and sub-soiled, then turn double furrows five feet apart, and place the roots five inches below the surface. Strew about one-half the fertilizer in the bottom of the furrow, mix it with the soft and place the remainder on top after the roots are planted. Manure can be applied after the plants have started to grow with good advantage. Place the roots about 30 inches apart in the rows Before the growth starts in the spring work the ground thoroughly with disc and harrow, and then cover the rows slightly with the single cultivator shovel set to throw dirt outward. Cul tivate every ten days thereafter, and keep the soil in fine condition.

If bleached asparagus is desired, throw a ridge of soil over the row as soon as growth is started, and cut as soon as the shoots show through this ridge length of six or seven inches. If green asparagus is wanted, cover with only about three inches of soil, and cut the shoots four or five inches. From 25 to 30 cuttings per year can be taken from good asparagus bed. The soll required plenty of manure every season,-Clini ton M. Shultz, in Farmers' Voice.

NEW STRAWBERRY CULTURE

Commonly Accepted Report Has I That Good Crops Have Been Raised in Barrels.

The method of strawberry culture shown in the illustration has been successful and profitable. Tight ironbound barrels are used with all but four of the hoops removed. Holes are bored through the staves at proper distances



STRAWBERRIES IN BARREL

as shown, plants are set in these holes and the barrels filled with soil to the top. The average yield of berries to over one-half bushel per barrel. The greatest advantages claimed for this method are that no mulch or cultivation is necessary, that the berries are always clean and free from sand, and are far more readily picked than when grown in the usual way. A tile is placed in the center of the barrel as it is filled with soil. This permits an even distribution of water from top to bottom an abundance of which should be sup plied at all times.

Plants Which Go to Sleep. Some plants go to sleep every night The well known sensitive plant, or mimosa, in daylight opens its fragile leaves which are hard at work eating. absorbing the carbonic acid of the air into plant food. At night the mimosa sleeps and digests what it has eaten and the leaves fold up double against each other; the stem droops and the leaf is limp and apparently dead. Similar to this is another plant, found as a weed all over the country east of the Rocky mountains, known as the partridge-pea or large-flowered sensitive-pea. The leaves are not so sensitive to the touch, but close quickly if the stem is cut. This is not a trouble

Putting Away Sweet Potatoes. In reply to a query concerning how to put away sweet potatoes to keep for winter use: In the first place dig be fore frost. Dry and lay them away. Line a box or barrel well with paper, and put in a layer of potatoes, about four deep and then a layer of paper enough to make a good division and so on until the box is full. Put them where you want them for winter and keep the room warm-not below freezing at any time, and 40 to 70 degrees Is better. Keep in a dry place and you can have sweet potatoes until han vest-provided you don't eat them-Charles B. Williams, in Ohlo Farmer,

Largest Stage in the World. The largest stage in the world is that of the Grand opera house, Paris, which is 100 feet in width, 200 feet in depth and 80 feet in height.

The Point of View. "Have you a good cook?" asked Mrs.

Bond Hill. "Yes, she's good enough," replied Mrs. Chester Park. "She attends church three times a week and all that, but her cooking is something flerce,"-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Her Regular Expression. Photographer-I would suggest that you relax the features a little and assume a more pleasing expression. Mrs. Vich-Senn-I suppose I can do

it if you insist, but I can tell you right now it won't look like me.-Chicag-Tribune.